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THE CHYMERICAL PATRIOT:

OR,

LUCAS Awake.

Goblins, *and* Hydras, *and* Chimeras *dire*,
Worse than e'er Fancy *form'd*, *or* Fear *conceived*.

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PATRIOT:

CHARACTER.

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OR,

LUCAS Awake.

ONE Morn ſerene, ere *Phœbus* had diſplay'd
His radiant Beams o'er Hill, or flow'ry Mead,
Ere Shepherds from their moſſy Beds aroſe,
But ſtill enjoy'd a honey'd-ſweet Repoſe;
Happy, thrice happy they! who low lie down:
Uneaſy lies the Head that wears a Crown:
Even at that Hour, ere roſy-finger'd Light
Aſſumed her Empire o'er the black-brow'd Night,
L-C-S, all-watchful, in his elbow Chair,
Trying the Sp'rit of *Hermes* to unſphere,
Sudden began to ſtamp, and rave, and ſtare,

To

To roul his Eyes, that witneſs'd huge Diſmay,
'Till faithful *Squirt*, affrighted, ran away;
When thus the PATRIOT, in prophetic Rage,
Ranted, like mad *Othello* on the Stage.

To famed *EBLANA* come, from frozen Parts,
Ye matchleſs Sons of *ſcientific* Arts!
Like *Pompey*, now will I triumphant ride,
An Honour to *Plebeians* ſtill deny'd;
Curſe on the proud *Patricians* paultry Pride.
Then, from my Car, triumphant I'll deſcend,
And call the meaneſt Citizen my Friend.
Now, on a Throne, behold me ſet in View,
Giving the *Mob* their juſt and lawful Due.
Where *BOYLE*'s gilt Head in brilliant Luſtre ſhone,
O'er my Shop-door, there will I fix my own;
Which may, with eaſy Tranſmutation, paſs;
BOYLE's ſhine in Gold, and mine in native Braſs.
Cloſe at my Side *O Sherrideni* ſtand,
Keep the poetic Ballance in thy Hand:
By thee, in *Brutus*' Robes, let me be dreſs'd;
A ſecond *Brutus* then ſhall ſhine confeſs'd,
Murthering the Great, to make the Commons bleſs'd.
Or but ſuppoſe, I the firſt *Brutus* were,
My very Sons my Fury ſhou'd not ſpare;
I cou'd look on unmelted by their Cries,
And to fair Liberty devote the Prize,
Swelling the Pomp of dreadful Sacrifice.
O! all ye Gods! by Heav'ns I will enjoy
This glorious Thought, tho' it my Reſt deſtroy.

Well,

Well, were I now a Senator compleat,
And, in their awful Dome, had got a Seat,
Gigantic Aldermen shou'd cringe and bow;
As I myself do to the Commons now.
Lo! at my Feet, uncovered, and bare,
Submissively shou'd wait the good Lord-Mayor.
On Penthouse rais'd, my Mouth shou'd utter Law;
Nay, I wou'd keep the King himself in Awe;
Who, to such Merit, fond to be ally'd,
Shou'd offer me his Daughter for a Bride.
But, conscious Greatness eyes the Dame with Scorn,
And sends her back, though Princess bred and born;
The modest Maid, reluctant, takes her Flight,
And tells her mighty Father of this Slight;
Who comes himself, endeavouring to prevail,
And greets me Pillar of the Common-weal.
In prostrate State I see the Monarch lie,
Watching the Sparkle of my *Patriot* Eye;
And, in a moving, and Heart-melting Voice,
Thus prays me of the Virgin to make Choice:
" Oh Thou, revered by all, by all adored!
" *Hibernia*'s PATRIOT, King, and mighty Lord!
" I do not come, from any sordid Hope,
" Ask what you please within my Kingdoms' Scope;
" Behold, how low you have reduced a Prince!
" Let me not take Reproach and Scorn from hence!
" But, the Request I make, vouchsafe to grant,
" Complain no more of *Liberty* a Want;

" You

" You ſhall o'er People, and o'er Nations, reign.
Thus ſues the Monarch, but the ſues in vain:

Now low'd the Mob, in humming Tumults roar,
From *Ormond* quay, to *Ringſend*'s ſandy Shoar;
He will accept her, half the People cry;
Others, with Vehemence, repeat — YOU LIE.

Then, the Deciſion of this grand Debate,
Yet undetermin'd by the Will of Fate;
Which I've conſider'd well before I ſpoke,
I thus begin; but, Firſt, my Beard I ſtroke;
Thrice turn my Ring, and thrice I Silence cry;
Then to the King, and Knights, make this reply:
" Know You, that ſeek to ſhare my glorious Fame,
" And with my Graces dignify your Name,
" I am no Man with Flatt'ry to be won;
" By fair Means nothing can with me be done;
" No fauning Courtier can infect my Ear;
" I have no Love, no Pity, nor no Fear;
" Fortune, on my Eſtate, has ſeem'd to frown;
" I am reſolved to pull all Mankind down;
" I look on Princes, Potentates, and Kings,
" As abject, menial, ſervile, fawning Things.
" On Judges, Jailors, Aldermen, and Mayors,
" Inquiſitors, Crow-ſcarers, and Bug-bears,
" Tyrannic *Cardinals*, *gigantic* Knaves,
" And thoſe that fear them, muzzled Aſſes, Slaves;
" Shall I, in this Opinion, ſhare my Bed?
" Or, by a Woman, by the Noſe be led?

Lo!

" Lo! thus I ſpurn you — thus defy you all."
So kick'd his Foot againſt a Crucibal;
For many Years, from many Drugs diſtill'd;
Purchaſed with Gold, this Crucible was fill'd.
For many Nights did *Squirt* attendant wait,
Without a Drop to drink, or Bit to eat;
This, *L-C-S* hoped, alone wou'd make him rich;
A Cure infallible for Scrub, and Itch;
And did intend whole Cargoes to export
To *Scotland*, *Munſter*, and the Inns of Court.
For, tho' the Compound was as black as Ink,
'Twou'd not appear when rubb'd, nor wou'd it ſtink.
Starting at once he view'd the Place around,
And all Things filthy, as he left them, found.
No Throne upon the Penthouſe there appear'd;
He liſts his Hand, but finds no reverend Beard;
He ſaw his Night-gown hanging on a Chair,
Which he, before, miſtook for the *Lord Mayor*;
His Wig-block then preſents itſelf full plain,
Which he believed to be the S——gn;
The Chairs and Tables now aright were placed,
By him with Titles, and with Honours graced.
O! what ye Gods! who rule the radiant Skies,
Was *L-C-S'* Sorrow, Horror, and Surprize!
What thrilling Pangs afflict his tortured Soul,
Which, erſt, a Kingdom's Force cou'd not controul;
How did he ſtamp, and rave, blaſpheme, and damn;
Where was his Refuge, but a ſwindging Dram?
With how much Sorrow did young Patriot *Squirt*
See the black Drug compounded with the Dirt?

How

How did his *ſympathetic* Guts lament
The Agonies of this perpetual Lent!
No Proſpect in the wide Expanſe he ſaw,
No Scheme, alas! to fill his hungry Maw;
Here is fine Work, the lanken *Chymiſt* cries!
Here is fine Work, half-waſted *Squirt* replies!
Here is fine Work, the vaulted Roofs rebound!
Here is fine Work, the *Welkin* roars around.
But now the *Patriot*'s Patience interpoſed,
And here the moving tragic Scene was cloſed.
I paint theſe Facts ſuch as, in Truth, they were;
Squirt told the Story at the *Dog* and *Bear*;
And if ſome nobler Bard the Tale purſue,
'Twill plainly prove—— H'has nothing elſe to do.

FINIS.